

It is a well known fact that one of the oldest and best of the Southern States is North Carolina, and as the Tarboro' Southerner is published in this State, it is only natural that it should be devoted to the interests of the people of this State, and that it should be a medium for the expression of their views on all matters of public interest. It is a well known fact that one of the oldest and best of the Southern States is North Carolina, and as the Tarboro' Southerner is published in this State, it is only natural that it should be devoted to the interests of the people of this State, and that it should be a medium for the expression of their views on all matters of public interest.

NORFOLK.
J. P. REED, AGT.
PRactical HATTER.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hats, Caps, Straw Goods,
Fur, etc., etc., etc.
No. 18 Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
May 25.

Joshua H. King,
CIVIL AND NAVAL
MERCHANT TAILOR,
S. E. cor. Main st. and Market square,
New Lion Front Building,
NORFOLK, VA.
Gents' Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

T. A. WILLIAMS & CO.
GENERAL GROCERY & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 10 Bond Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
A. B. BARNES & CO. have been appointed
Sole Agents for the sale of
all the goods of the
Tarboro' Southerner, and will be
pleased to receive orders for the same.
May 25, 1870.

TAYLOR, MARTIN & CO.
DEALERS IN
Hardware, Cutlery,
BAR IRON AND STEEL,
WAGON MATERIAL,
BLEEDING AN' PACKING,
House Furnishing Goods, &c.,
Carriage Front corner of Main street and
Market Square,
NORFOLK, VA.
Sells at Factory Prices, Traces, Chains,
Wreels, Belling and Grub Hoes, Horse Collars
and Harness, Axes, Saws, &c., &c.
The trade supplied at Northern prices.
May 25.

EDWARD P. TABB & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY
AND
FANCY GOODS,
West Side, Market Square,
NORFOLK, VA.
Sign of the Anvil.
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The Tarboro' Southerner

"I AM A SOUTHERN MAN, OF SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Jefferson Davis.

VOLUME XLVI.

TARBORO', EDGEcombe COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 23, 1870.

NUMBER 29.

NORFOLK.
RICKS & MILHADO,
General Commission Merchants,
Ferguson & Milhado's Wharf,
NORFOLK, VA.
July 16.

OCEAN HOUSE,
Parishmont Va.,
T. L. HALL,
D. F. BIGGS,
Board,
\$2.50 Per Day.

J. M. BIGGS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers, Commission Merchants,
and Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Liquors,
No. 10 West Water Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
Shipments and prompt returns
made.
May 25, 1870.

BERRY, MILLER & CO.
Wholesale Dealers in
Dry Goods & Notions,
No. 10 West Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
Next door to Exchange National Bank
May 25.

MARTIN & ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office No. 24 West Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
TO ALL BUSINESS CONCERNING THE
Tarboro' Southerner, and will be
pleased to receive orders for the same.
May 25, 1870.

A. MYERS,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
In power of and Wholesale Dealer in Foreign
and Domestic
LIQUORS.
Myers' Cellar,
SUNNY SOUTH
Premium Rye Whiskies
always on hand.
Corner Wide Water and Commerce streets
419 Wide Water St. and 221 Commerce St.
NORFOLK, VA.
July 16.

G. F. GREENWOOD & BROS.,
DEALERS IN
Diamonds, Fine Watches, Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Clocks,
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS
No. 47 MAIN STREET,
NORFOLK, VA.
July 16.

L. SALISBURY,
Nos. 58 & 60 Main Street,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.
Manufacturer and Dealer in
CABINET FURNITURE,
of all descriptions. Also,
WINDOW SHADES, OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS, CARPETS, WALL PAPER,
Which I am prepared to sell at New York
prices.
S. B. LINTHURN, Agent for the sale of
all the goods of the
Tarboro' Southerner, and will be
pleased to receive orders for the same.
May 25, 1870.

KIDER BIGGS & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS
General Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.
SPECIAL AND FAITHFUL ATTEN-
tion to sales of Cotton and all other
kinds of Produce, and prompt returns made.
Our long experience in business gives us
superior advantages in making sales at the
highest market prices.
222 Cotton Forwarded to Live-pool free
of commission.
Liberal advances made on produce in
hand.
ESTABLISHED 1831.

The Place to Buy Your Jewelry
IS AT
J. M. Freeman & Sons',
DEALERS IN
FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS,
AND
STERLING SILVER WARE.
NO. 30 MAIN STREET,
Corner of Tenth Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
July 16.

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NORFOLK, VA.
July 16.

The Tarboro' Southerner.
Thursday, - - - June 16, 1870.
A Song of the Wind.
She went across the autumn woods,
And the rustle of leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind," she cried, "after the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O, blow him back to me!"
She went across the winter fields,
The salt tears rising fast,
With her hand to her forehead,
"O wind," she cried, "after the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O, blow him back to me!"
The wind came over the fair fields,
And the waves came through the woods,
And the rustle of leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind," she cried, "after the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O, blow him back to me!"
The wind came over the fair fields,
And the waves came through the woods,
And the rustle of leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind," she cried, "after the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O, blow him back to me!"

A TRAGEDY.
BY HATTIE KYLE.
Old Hepsibah had lived with the
Marlowe family long enough to change
from a buxom country girl to a with-
ered old woman, and if ever there was
a faithful servant on earth she was one.
Her old master, and mistress, and
children, more all in all to her.
The babies she had carried in her
arms were all grown men and women
now; some were married and some
were dead; only two remained, and
those were old and feeble. One was
Charles, the son, and the other was
Ella, the daughter, the youngest
and the pet and beauty of the house-
hold.
These two Hepsibah loved with a
devotion little short of worship. In
her eyes they were near perfection
as mortals might be. Charles was a
little wild—there was no denying that
—but as his brothers had been before
him, they had turned out good and
true men, and all of them.
Ella, Hepsibah winked at incoherence
and outcries that were to be kept
from mother and Charles and his
friends—always relied on her when they
needed her help.
If Charles had not cultivated an in-
fernal with one particular individual,
Hepsibah would have been happy, but
he had a friend of whom she disap-
proved extremely—Bob Aldis, a man
who was an actor by profession, and
who was altogether too wild and too
jolly to suit her old-fashioned notions.
Hepsibah was very strong in her
likes and dislikes, and this man was
her particular aversion. He was a
young, black-browed fellow, with a
face that said "wild" in his favor,
but the rest of her dislike lay deeper
than that.
When Charles had first brought him
home, he had entered the family circle
and seemed a general favorite. He
had an inexhaustible fund of wit, told
comic stories, sung comic songs, which
excited his hearers with laughter,
played tunes on the violin, which made
even old Hepsibah feel like dancing,
and sang duets with Ella, whose heart
together with Sidney Gould, whom
she had foreordained for Ella's hus-
band, was thrown entirely into the
scale.
For a long while Hepsibah worried
over the fact that her young lady
had taken a notion to this man and
given Sidney the mitten. But things
took a sudden turn. Hepsibah always
thought that Ella had refused Aldis.
He came to the house less frequently,
and Sidney was rebuffed in the young
lady's favor. Aldis was evidently
jealous. Hepsibah had seen him sulk
at Sidney in a way that made her blood
run cold. He had such an awful way
of frowning with his whole face, bring-
ing down his great bushy eyebrows,
setting his teeth and twisting his
mouth, till he looked like a fiend
from hell.
And when Ella confided to her old
nurse that she was engaged to Sidney,
it was very plain what it all meant.
Hepsibah, in her youth, had read
many of those old ballads in which
disappointed lovers always put an end
to the lives of their rivals, and, being
of an imaginative turn of mind, she
felt rather anxious about Sidney.
"That there Aldis would never
mind killing him to make his own
dinner," she often said to herself, and
she never opened the door to the ac-
tor without showing her disapprobation
of him by a glance which certainly
ought to have pierced his soul, had he
needed it.
However, as he did not, no harm
was done, and for the matter of that,
no good either.
One evening, when Ella's wedding
was near at hand, old Hepsy, quite
alone in the house, sat in the kitchen
window knitting and thinking of noth-
ing in particular.
She saw two figures enter the gar-
den by a little gate and advance into
a paved space before the kitchen door.
At first she fancied them burglars,
but as they still, watching and listen-
ing, then she saw that they were
Charles and his friend, Aldis.
"Now we are alone, where no one
can hear us," said Aldis, "go ahead."
"No, no, I can't do it," said Charles.
"You promised," said Aldis; "you
must help us—come, now, you must."
"I shan't be able to get through
with it," said Charles.
"Nothing when you're used to it,"
said Aldis. "Listen now; I've hated
the man ever since he robbed me of
the idol of my soul. I will avenge my-
self. Now that he is in my power, he
shall never live to wed her."
"Lord a mass!" said Hepsibah to
herself, poor Sidney, I know what it
is.
"Oh, it ain't no Bob, I can't," said
Charles.
"So I used to say, but it's nothing
now," said Bob.

"Oh the wretch," said Hepsy.—
"I knowed it by his looks."
"You go behind him so," said Bob.
"You'll be hung for it," said Aldis.
"Come, there's that old wome-
n's cap at the window, I bet a dollar
she'll see off. Why, you can gag as
much as you like and get through
with it that way, if you—" then the
voice died away, and Hepsy, cold and
trembling, sank down upon her knees
in terror.
All night, one awful vision after
another passed through her mind.—
How would that room be entered?—
Would Ella, dressed in her wedding
ribbons, go smiling in and fall dead in
her dear lover's presence? Would
him come and force the door, and the
mother standing in behind them, see
what her son had done?
She gave the mother her son's mes-
sage, trembling as she uttered it. So
two long days past, and Hepsibah went
through her work mechanically, and
no one could have guessed that any-
thing was wrong. This was part of
her plan and she nerved herself to carry
it through.
On Saturday there were prepara-
tions for an evening party, and Hepsy
sick at heart, assisted.
Everything was ready. In the din-
ing-room the table was set for five.—
They waited for Charles and Sidney;
Hepsibah looked on and did not dare
to speak.
"I wish they would hurry," said
Ella. "It won't do to be late to-
night."
As she spoke, there were footsteps
on the stairs. Charles burst in, hand-
some and bright as ever—and who be-
hind him? On a dreadful sight to
Hepsibah, gazing what she did—
there stood Bob Aldis in the room
and with Ella—in the room with
Charles's mother.
"I've brought my friend back with
me, mother, and when we have had
tea, I'll tell you all about our little ex-
pedition."
"But where is Sidney?" asked Ella.
"Oh, he'll be here presently, we
saw him an hour ago."
"Oh! Charles, Charles, she must
know the truth at last!"
It was too much for the poor old
woman to see this man, whom she had
thought all truth and goodness, smiling
into his sister's eyes, with that awful
glance upon his lips. She had thought
of him, lying in some secret place, fly-
ing from home and friends, but this
was a fiend—not a murderous man.
"You know I'll never see his face
again. Oh! wicked wretch! Can you
give back the life you have taken?
Can you undo the awful deed that was
done in that room above?"
There was a general commotion.—
Charles Marlowe turned white as
snow and leaned against the wall for
support. The rest all started up and
looked at him with startled eyes.
"Don't be frightened," said Aldis.
"I know what the women means; it
is nothing like this, old lady. I've
brought the man ever since he robbed
me of the idol of my soul. I will be
avenged. Now that he is in my power,
he shall never live to wed her."
Hepsibah shrieked. The man was
red with passion—staring and rave-
ling just as he had done in the garden.
"Let me strike the villain, let me
perceive his coward heart!" and Aldis
snatched a table knife and brandished
it in the air.
"Lord a mass!" cried Hepsibah, in
agony, "the man is mad. He'll murder
every soul in the house!"
"It's done; he'll never cross my
path again."
There was a general roar of laughter.
Hepsibah sat in amazement.
"At a tragedy," said Sidney's voice
at the door. "Mrs. Marlowe, you
must not stand in your son's light."
He was for an actor, and Bob brought
him out splendidly in the theatre at
last.
"I have been up there to see
the play."
Old Hepsibah found her voice at
last.
"But what's in the room above?"
"A actor's traps that I didn't want
any one to see but I have taken them
down." And what did I by my hands?
Law, sakes, but I did think it was Sid-
ney's blood."
"Oh, Bob, that must be your liquid
romance, you knocked over with my fail-
ing body, and my carpet's ruined by
this time if nobody picked it up; but
I'll forgive you, if you'll forgive Hepsy,
and this evening we will give
the company a private opportunity of
witnessing our Tragedy."

any way that she could find to hide
that dreadful thing from sight? Sup-
pose that she should do this and that
she should be detected, and dragged
out to stand upon the gallows.
Even this she would have borne to
bring back the peace that could
never be restored to that house again.
Let what might come to pass, no fears
should ever wring from her lips, the
story of that night.
The hours crept on. The family
returned, and soon all were wrapped
in slumber—up but Hepsibah. It seemed
to her that she should never sleep
again, until she wrung from her lips, the
story of that night.
All night, one awful vision after
another passed through her mind.—
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ribbons, go smiling in and fall dead in
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the play."

THE WEST POINT REVELS.
The Colored Cadet Making his
Bow to Colonel Black, of the
Regular Army—The Consterna-
tion of the Caucasian
Snobs—A Council of War—
A Plot to Trip him in his Ex-
amination.
WEST POINT, May 25, 1870.
West Point and the entire National
Academy were almost breathless with
excitement yesterday. The son of a
colored American citizen arrived here
in his new role of military cadet.—
There had been rumors that negro
boys had been appointed to the Na-
tional Academy, but the absolute ar-
rival of an African, commission in
hand, is too much for West Point In-
dian nature to endure. Aristocratic
professors and junior cadets are
speechless. The time for the break-
ing out of their indignation has at
last arrived. They cannot do the sub-
ject justice, but their indignant com-
mentaries and ominous looks indicate
coming storm.
Cadet Master Charles Howard (col-
ored) comes from the State of Missis-
sippi. His appointment is from the
Secretary of War, and was recom-
mended by the Hon. LeGrand W. Pierce,
newly elected member from the Fifth
District.
Young Howard is a full block, of
sturdy physique. He measures five
feet eight (regular size) and is as
bright a boy as was ever seen. His
hair is neat and his accent smacks
decidedly of the plantation.
"What you want to do to did dat bog-
saw?" and "You don't let dat drop,"
was his exclamation to a hotel porter
who accidentally took up his carpet-
bag. His nose is slightly retroussé,
and his face is shiny with health. It
is settled that he cannot be rejected
physically by the Medical Board.
The first African cadet to stand from
the farthest with a jaunty air, and
offering his military hat, he inquired for
the West Point Hotel. On arriving
there he registered his name and asked
for a room. For the first time at this
hotel a colored man was received as a
guest. Charles said something about his
rights, and started out on the campus
pursued by a crowd of boys. Col. Black,
the new fellow, with Col. Boydton
and others, held a very serious council
of war. The African then came and
stood before them—before Col. Black,
of the Regular Army—and respectfully
asked that his capacity be recognized.
The Colonel waved him away with his
hand, and one by one the officers de-
parted, speechless with amazement.
The other cadets, scared and paralyzed,
"It is incredible," says one. "Let's put
the matter in the river," says another.
Some of them threaten to resign, while
others talk of killing the black boy out-
right. One young Democrat from Illi-
nois exclaimed: "Great God, what
shall we do? He will have to drill
with us for four weeks before the ex-
amination, any way. He will have to
be killed!"
One thing is certain, the black cadet
is here. He is undoubtedly physically
qualified. He must now drill with
the white cadets until the examina-
tion on the 24th of July. Then he will
fall in mental examination, and go
back to Mississippi. This is the pro-
gramme, for the examining officers
have power to reject any applicant—
Gen. Schriver and Col. Black are op-
posed to the African, and while they
are at the head of the National Acad-
emy, the black will remain on the
plantation. Judge Hogue, M. C. from
Alabama, is to appoint a negro, and
has already signed a paper of recom-
mendation. Gen. Barlow colored
youth was too young, and the General
knew it. He only appointed him for
political purposes. But in the light
of the Fifteenth Amendment, what
shall we do with the African in our
National Academies is a grave question
for the unregenerate mind.—New York
Sun.

valley. It requires a good deal of na-
tive genius to work this kind of young
man up into decent poetry.
Literal Answers.
A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt
on the sidewalk to take off the ice,
and remarked to a friend, pointing to
the salt.
"So when a lady asked her servant
if the fire was cleaned off the
snow with alacrity, she replied:
"Now, that's benevolence."
"No, Ma'am, he used a shovel."
The same literal turn of mind which
used intentionally and perhaps a
little maliciously, and thus becomes
the property of wit instead of
blunders. Thus we hear of a very pos-
sible and impressive gentleman who
said to a youth in the street:
"Boy, may I enquire where Robin-
son's drug store is?"
"Certainly, sir," replied the boy
very respectfully.
"Well, sir," said the gentleman,
after waiting awhile, "where is it?"
"I have not the least idea, yer
honor," said the urchin.
There was another boy who was as-
saulted by an accented middle-aged lady
with:
"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."
"Well, Ma'am," said the boy, "why
don't you go then?"
One day, at Lake George, a party of
gentlemen strolling among the beau-
tiful islands of the lake, with bad luck,
spied a little fellow with a red shirt
and a straw hat, dangling a line over
the side of a boat.
"Hallo, boy," said one of them,
what are you doing?
"Fishing," came the answer.
"Well of course," said the gentle-
man, "but what do you catch?"
"Fish, you fool, what do you expect?"
"Did any of you ever see an ele-
phant's skin?" inquired a teacher of
an infant class.
"I have," exclaimed one.
"Where?" asked the teacher.
"On the elephant," said the boy
laughing.
Sometimes this sort of wit degener-
ates or rises, as the case may be, into
punning, as when Flora pointed pos-
sively to the heavy masses of clouds
in the sky, saying:
"I wonder where those clouds are
going?" and her brother replied:
"I think they are going to thunder."
Also the following dialogue:
"Hallo, there! how do you sell
your wares?"
"By the cord."
"How long has it been out?"
"You fool!"
"I am how long it has been, since
you cut it?"
"No longer than it is now."
And also, when Patrick O'Flynn
was seen with his collar and his bosom
sadly begrimed, and was indig-
nantly asked by his officer:
"Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you
wear a shirt?"
"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

The Sick Baby.
Baby was much worse; had not only
sucked his thumb but also his
toes. It could not continue long.—
The doctor, with a grave face, entered
the sick room. Baby rubbed her
nipples with emphasis. Mr. Phillips
stood by wiping his face with the
diapers of his infant attire.
"Oh, doctor, doctor! will it be?"
Only save it, and you may take all I
have," cried Mrs. Phillips, wringing
her hands. "I'll get down on my
knees and thank you forever."
"Keep your sitting, woman, keep
your sitting," said the doctor, taking
a large pinch of snuff.
"Don't keep me in suspense! only
look at this precious little arm. What
is it? For love of heaven! tell us—
let me know the worst!"
"Well, ma'am, if I speak out you
promise not to blame me?" asked the
doctor very nervously.
"No, no!"
"Marm," said he, with his long face
still more elongated, "it's my opinion,
as a man and physician, that the child
has been bitten by a bad bug, or
else it has been bitten in four places
by one insect of that description."
"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "de-
you mean to insult us?"
"By no means, sir—I repeat it."
"No you don't!" yelled Mrs. P.—
"It is enough to insinuate that I have
bed-bugs, to say nothing of your libel
on that little angel cherub. Get out
of this house this instant, you mean,
cheating old vagabond!"
A Woman's Friendship.
It is a wondrous advantage to a
man, in every pursuit or vocation, to
secure an adviser in a sensible woman.
In a woman there is at once a subtle
delicacy of tact and a plain soundness
of judgment which are rarely com-
bined in an equal degree in man. A
woman, if really your friend, will have
a sensitive regard for your character,
honor, repute. She will seldom coun-
sel you to do slushy things, for a woman
friend always desires to be proud of
you. At the same time, her constitu-
tional timidity makes her more cau-
tious than your male friend. She
therefore seldom counsels you to an
imprudent thing. A man's best female
friend is a wife of good sense and
heart, whom he loves, and who loves
him. But supposing the man to be
without such a help mate, female
friendship he must still have, or his in-
tellect will be without a garden; there
will be an endless gap, even in its
strongest fence. Better and safer,
of course, is such friendship, where dis-
parity of years or circumstances puts
the idea of love out of the question.
Middle life has rarely this advantage;
youth and old age have.

We may have female friendship with
those much older, and those much
younger than ourselves. Female friend-
ship is to a man the balustrade, sweets-
ness, ornament of his existence.
Voltaire's Last Hours.
In spite of all the infidel philoso-
phers who looked around Voltaire in
the first days of his illness, he
gave signs of wishing to return to God,
whom he had so often blasphemed.—
He called for a priest. He afterwards
made a written declaration in which
he pronounced infidelity signed by him-
self and two witnesses. He refused to
see his infidel friends, and called to
the Lord Jesus. At one time he
was discovered trying to pray. He
had fallen from his bed in convulsive
agonies, and lay frowning with im-
portant despair on the floor, exclaiming,
"Will not this God, whom I have de-
fied, save me now?" (Satan's voice)
His memory he extended to his re-
surrection, called to administer relief,
he declared the death of the infidel, and
declared that the sight of such a des-
tined was appalling. He offered the
doctor half he possessed, if he would
prolong his life six months. When
the doctor told him he would live
six weeks, he said: "Then I will go to
I and you with me." Soon after
he expired. Such was the horror of
mind in which this infidel quitted
this mortal coil, to all who knew
him, a warning to those who are in-
clined to follow in his steps.

Social Honor.
Every person should cultivate a nice
sense of honor. In a highly refined
way this most fitting adjunct of a
true lady or gentleman is often tried.
For instance, one is a guest in a family
where, perhaps, the domestic machine-
ry does not run smoothly. There is a
sorrow in the house unexpressed by
the outer world. Sometimes it is a
dispute over a small matter, and some-
times a rebuke whose eccentricities
and peculiarities are a cloud on the
home. Or, worst of all, husband and
wife may not be in accord, and there
may be bitter words spoken and
harsh recriminations. None of these
cases the guest is in honor bound to
blind and deaf, or far as people with-
out are concerned. If a gentle word
within can do any good, it may well
be said, but to go forth and reveal the
shadow of an unhappy secret to any
one, even your nearest friend, is an
act of indecency and meanness almost
unparalleled. Once in the sacred priv-
acy of your home, admitted to its
privacy, sharing its life, all that you
see and hear is a sacred trust. It is
as really contemptible to gossip of such
things, as it would be to steal the silver
or borrow the books and forget to re-
turn them.

A Hard Story.
A Philadelphia paper says: There
is a doctor in the northwestern part
of this consolidated city who is espe-
cially remarkable for being, as the
women term it, "shut and crusty."
A week or two since, he was called
to visit a patient who was laboring
under a severe attack of "cheep whis-
key."
"Well, doctor, I'm down you see—
completely felled. I have got them
tremendous, you know."
"Tremens, you fool! Where did
you get your rum?"
"All over in spots; broke out pro-
miscuously, doctor."
"Served you right."
"Father died of the same disease; it
took him under the short ribs and car-
ried him off bodily."
"Well, you have got to take some-
thing immediately."
"